

REVEAL DIGITAL

The Seed

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VOL 2
NO 2

SEE

THE

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THE SEED'S FIRST BUST (ALL TRUE!)

Thursday, February 1, 1968:

I left the office at about 8:45. I went to the Garment District on Wells to drop off some back issues they had requested. After that I stopped at Little Pleasure's and ate. I was on Wells walking home at about 9:30 when I was stopped and held by a man in a suit. He asked my name, age, address, etc. I answered politely and truthfully. He told me to get into the car. I was not, at any time, shown a badge or anything else that would prove they were really police officers. In the car, I asked if I were under arrest. The officer said I was. I asked what charge. He said loitering and vagrancy. I explained to him that I had a job, and that I hadn't been loitering (I was moving when he stopped me.), so his charge wasn't valid. He and the other officer talked about my "youthful look" and decided to call me a runaway. I was taken to the Youth Division office at the 18th District Police Station. I gave them my parents' phone number and told them to contact them and my probation officer, and both parties would verify the fact that I was not a runaway. They (the police) then decided that I was a minor in need of supervision. They spent about an hour making out a report. I had asked several times if I could make a phone call, but was denied permission. At about 12:00, two uniformed, fully armed policemen came to escort me to the Audy Home. I was taken to a waiting paddy wagon, locked inside, with the two officers in the front. (Note: The arresting officers were Carroll and Moore.) I arrived at the Audy Home at about 12:30. The man in charge there showed me a police report. It said I was a runaway. I gave the man my parents' phone

number and told him to call them. At 1:00 a.m., Friday, February 2, 1968, he called them. My mother informed him that I was not a runaway. While I talked to my mother, he got on another phone and made a call. He came back and told me that "The Man" said he couldn't release me. I wanted to go to the bathroom. The matron took me there, held the door open and watched, with several men in the next room, while I was in there. I asked the man if I could make a phone call and was granted permission. I called Colin Pearson (one-quarter owner of the Seed) and explained to him the situation.

I was led into the area where girls stayed, and told to take a bath and wash my hair, even though I was clean. All this time the matron was making derogatory remarks to me (such as: "You're a disgrace to womanhood [sputter].") I finally got to bed about 5:00 a.m. I was awakened at 6:00 a.m. and told to get dressed. I was given breakfast. I asked to make a phone call to get warm clothes and my medication (I was taking antibiotics and cough syrup prescribed by Dr. Brebis), but they wouldn't let me. Even though it was very cold and I was obviously sick, they would not let me, even after several requests have a blanket, sweater, or my jacket.

Larry Duff, a co-worker and friend, called my probation officer in Freeport, Mrs. Patricia Hardinger. She called Mrs. Allen at the Audy Home to get the facts.

Friday morning, February 2, Mrs. Patricia Hardinger obtained a court order to the effect that I could live in Chicago without adult supervision. It was notarized and also signed by Circuit Court Judge Wesley Eberle.

At 5:00 p.m., February 2, I was released from the Audy Home on recognizance.

--Sunshine Seymour

WATCH FOR OUR NEXT!

LISTEN FOR THE ROCK
GARDEN--WOPA-F.M.

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Big Al the Cop
Gene Pitts

SPIRITUAL ADVICE

Gool
The Chicago Tribune
B. A. D.

(Note: Corine Eldridge should not have been listed under Spiritual Advice in our last issue. All she does is feed us.)

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS DEPARTMENT

The SEED has, for the past six or seven issues, been printed by the Merrill Printing Company of Hinsdale, Ill. It was through us that they became acquainted with the split-font technique (the SEED was the first paper in the midwest to use it), and they have had many inquiries about it. Generally, our relations with Merrill have been excellent. So it was with some surprise that we read in a letter they sent us that "the Merrill Printing Company will no longer be available as the printer for your publication."

What could be wrong, we cried; is it something we did? Or don't you love us any more? A phone call elicited the information that the Merrill Printing Company had changed hands, and "the policy of our new owners is such that they do not want to print the SEED."

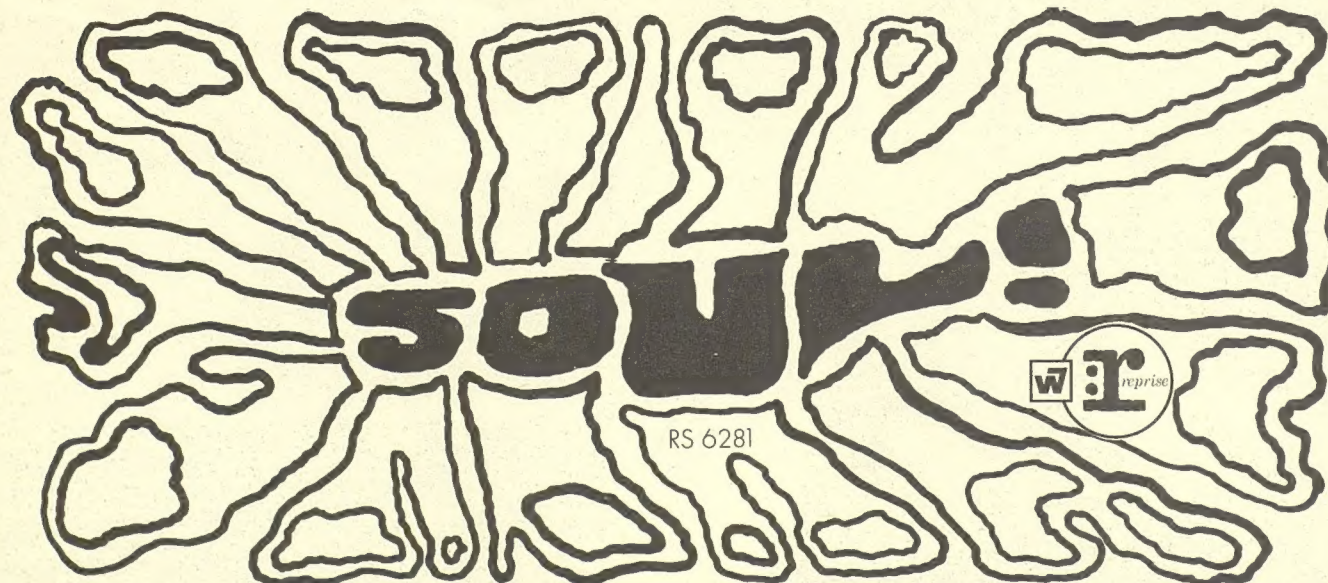
And who might these new owners be? Why, none other than the great All-American, flag-flying folks who own the Chicago Tribune. Ain't that a kick in the head, folks?

EVO is a put-on
Oracle's a bore
Seed seems quite uncertain
Of what the whole thing's for
L.A. Freep is noisy
Avatar is flat
Guess I'll stick to Playboy
To find out where it's at....

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THE JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE

LETTERS *BBBBB*

from

ROCKY



(Note: the following letters, which should speak for themselves, were sent to us by Rodney (Rocky) Anderson, currently at the Standing Rock Indian Reservation, Fort Yates, North Dakota. Anyone who wants to help, read them and find out how. --Valerie Walker)

Dear Val and Jerry,

What a surprise and pleasure to receive a letter from you. Of course I care to write. Though sometimes wondering if my quixotic ventures make much sense or help me to develop into as yet an unannounced human, recognizable in some comparatively substantial form, I must say that from them I derive great pain and pleasure, and think they're worth every penny and set-back (inevitable uglies) they make. Thinking back on the past several months, I am amazed they happened at all, or that so much did happen within so short a span. But, reconstructing things, circa 6 June--I found no reason at that time to doubt the reality or need for wanting to go to Israel. ... Arriving Israel, via Athens and Haifa, Phyl and I found ourselves somewhat dumbfounded at the hoards of other earthly volunteers arriving in great score from every corner of the world. However, fate being with us, we were immediately placed with the Ministry for Social Welfare, and worked as counselors at a summer camp in Jerusalem for a group of 40 mentally retarded children. Highly satisfying, and despite the language barrier, authentic non-verbal communication was established quickly, and we found ourselves functioning adequately....As the camp ended, and our "obligation", if you could call it that, ended,... I flew back with the big umbilical cord pulling directly into North Dakota. November, I began as staff social worker (and I hate that stereotype, I am no soc. wrk.) with the Head Start program at Standing Rock Indian Reservation--a huge 2,300,000 acre expanse of buttes and lonely, mystic country--at times unearthly in appearance--and I felt that for the moment I had found a watering hole ... There are approximately 5000 Sioux (Lakota and Dakota, Oglala, Hunkpapa tribes) and another 5000 non-Indians. Of that total, at least 80% unemployment, 25% involved directly and indirectly in alcoholism, ad nauseam. So much work to be done, so many disorganized and well meaning agencies and individuals here, so many outward-calm, inward seething Indians not able to openly identify their enemies and problems, so much of everything... We

have from 250-400 children in the program (a 12 month and summer project) needing much of everything. To date, I have set up used clothing stores at each of our seven centers giving clothing to the very poor, then the mothers selling the rest at nickels and dimes to buy things not available through government money for the centers. We have started a HS involvement with the Commission on Alcohol, and are now offering counseling and referrals to other supportive agencies. Many other projects, but the one I wish to discuss with you is called "Operation Cross Culture"... The idea of Cross Culture is to permit extensive and meaningful field trips and visits off the Reservation with families acting as summer hosts for the children. Hopefully there will be an exchange of ideas and that eclectically the children can select the best from both Indian and non-Indian cultures. A big problem here--beginning at puberty, is a feeling of shame and hopelessness for being Indian... Cross Culture hopes to do many things--send a group of young Indians to Israel, for example, to experience the Kibbutz, to see how oneness can create a unity and an oasis out of a desert; it hopes to send children to parks outside the reservation, let them fly and train and bus and so on and on... So, I am currently working on a campaign to be directed at 65 colleges and universities throughout the country. A poster and collection can with "Pennies for his thoughts" as the central theme, with, at bottom, "Help to give him a Head Start". My request is, Jer, would you design a poster for this, and a similar label to be used on the 65 cans I am hoping to secure free from Reynolds... They are getting a letter from me tomorrow. I have no shame in asking for these things. They are wise investments in tomorrow's America and tomorrow's American Indian... Your help in that area would be immeasurable and much needed and appreciated. Awaiting your reply, I am as the wind, somewhat scattered, but...

With warm regards,
Rocky

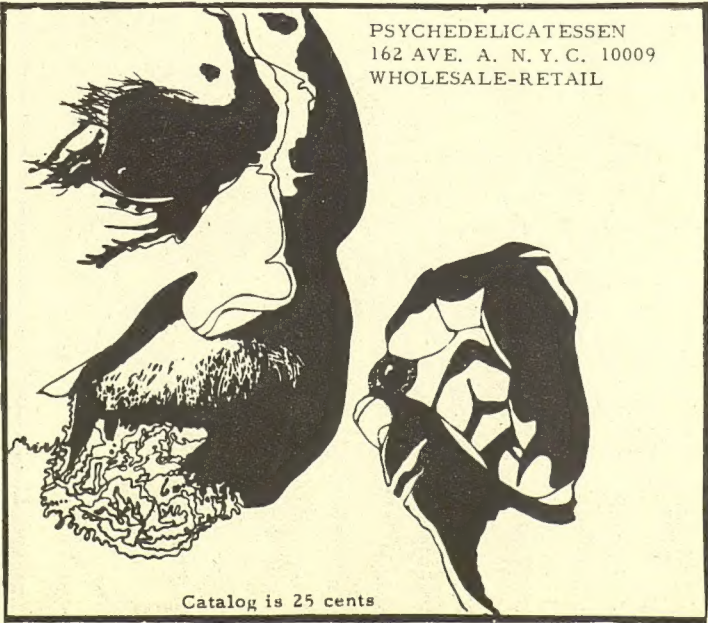
Dear Friends!

Got your note today, Val, and thousand thank yous! (Pilamaya's!) I've sent out better than 200 letters within the past two weeks, and yours is the first to arrive - i

hope that the silence from the others is not an indication that they are not going to help. Re: SEED, I trust your discretion and hope that it reaches a vital, positive audience. lord knows, the world is full of pollyanna who mean well but do not put out any honest-to-god action. So, if the SEED audience is the group that might help, go ahead. We have been taking pictures of homes since a contingent left for Wash. DC for an audience with Secy Weaver; the houses are small and hovels. Some have dirt floors, virtually none have any water or toilets, and all are overcrowded; and unfortunately, these are the rule, and not the exception. I would be willing to send photos of the homes if you think they could be published. And that their publication would mean assistance in the form of money, paint, curtains, rugs, plaster, etc., etc. Not just to cause hysterical indignation nor to give us a reason to point our quivering WASP finger at the historically foul treatment of the Indian. What they're needing is ACTION, not sympathy; jobs, jobs..... Val, perhaps you could get something going through them about collecting good used clothing... esp. children's, since we've been getting a lot of dresses, outmoded and even if we're poor here, we 've got pride - good or bad... ugly things don't move. Have been working on setting up used clothing stores at each of the center... sell for 5 and dime... will start adding commodities, bulk stuff like coffee, sugar, day old bread, etc... and hope these will be the beginnings of Indian owned and operated cooperatives... this is disjointed since I'm discussing selling Indian Beadwork with a woman and thinking of the Caravan as an outlet...also some beautiful star quilts... coming down Chg at Easter and try to find a good outlet for these things...they have never been taken seriously here, and have degenerated into vulgarities like beaded bow ties, beaded coin purses shaped like moccasins. etc... i told her that crap wouldn't sell, but medallions, indigenous stuff would ...considering the mad hippie response to the Amer. Ind. Church and the beads they're loading down with at least that is one source of income for this stuff...thoughts flying, much work to do this afternoon...going down to center to take photo of child... if it's good, i'd like for it to be blown up and used on the poster... pause several hours now to get this done..

Love, Rocky

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(Lingam News Service) The Olympic Games, the epitome of nationalism and competition, are on their way out - again. This time probably forever. Recent news that many black American athletes will boycott the Olympic team, realizing they are callously used to inflate the international image of that nation, has been followed by even more drastic developments, developments that spell the end of the Olympic games as we know them now.

It is well known that all but a few of the Olympic events are refinements of martial arts (boxing, wrestling, javelin throw, etc.), or mock warfare (basketball, all the team sports, really). It is also well known that the real reason for each country to participate is the joy of defeating other countries, and for the individual team member, the joy of defeating his weaker opponent.

But this is coming to an end. Our far-flung bureaus report that in most countries of the world members of the Love Generation are rebelling against the Hate Games. The youth of the world has finally had enough of warfare of any form.

This year's Olympics will be an utter fiasco, according to reliable sources. Hundreds of potential athletes from all participating countries have indicated they will not be available for the war parody. It is entirely possible that the teams will consist solely of members of each country's armed forces, under order to participate or face court martial. This certainly will be true of the U.S. team.

BUT - the New Olympics will rise to replace the old. Plans are becoming concrete for the Olympic Love Games. Committees have been formed in most countries, selection of teams has begun in many.

Each country will be represented by a team of beautiful young men and women, the literal flowering of their nation. At the Olympic Love Games each team will perform beautiful sexual acts. Judges will award points on the basis of affection, form, imagination, tenderness, personal attractiveness, collective Oneness of however many people are involved in each beautiful thing, etc. Winning groups will, of course, be decked with flowers.

As the event draws nearer, nude runners of both sexes will carry a lighted torch across country to the stadium. The traditional opening, the team parade, will consist of the contestants dancing nude around the grassy interior of the stadium. Instead of the separating of the teams by country, the participants will be in random order. As the final runner enters the stadium and lights the brazier, the boys and girls of all the teams will lovingly form a completely international, inter-racial daisy chain. The final event will be similar, except that the audience will be invited to join the contestants.

Suggestions that the name "Olympics" be changed were dropped when the head of the Greek delegation pointed out, "A quick look at Greek mythology shows us that the Greek gods did far more fucking than fighting on Mount Olympus. We are simply returning to the true spirit of 'Olympic'."

Girls are especially thrilled by the change of the games, since not only will there be as many of them as boys on each team, but they will be the most feminine that can be found. The musclebound amazons who need a doctor's certificate for technical womanhood will no longer be needed.

Many colleges and universities are preparing to hold their own "Little Olympic Games," to select nominees for the national team.

Support the Olympic Games - make Love, not war

--Dick Bagwell

MILLBROOK

In December of 1967 the Dutchess County sheriff's department came into the Sri Ram Ashram, smashed sacred shrines, took money, and forced the High Priest, William Haines, Gu-ruji, to his knees on the ice. Arrested were William Haines, and Arthur Kleps of the Neo-American Church, on charges of conspiring to distribute psychedelic chemicals on the premises; Jack Leary for suspicion of possession of marijuana; and David Stokes for suspicion of the sale of marijuana.

Twenty residents of the Ashram were forced to have their pictures taken, some against their will with improper clothing. League for Spiritual Discovery members and others, including eight children, thirty in all, were held in one large room in the main house. No one was shown a warrant. For each person there was, handwritten, a subpoena to appear before the Dutchess County Grand Jury, for a John Doe investigation.

Since then there has been constant and seemingly everlasting harassment. Constant vehicle checks for those leaving or entering the sanctu-

Call to Arms for the Battle of Millbrook

The religious sanctuaries of the League for Spiritual Discovery, the Neo-American Church, and the Sri Ram Ashrama are besieged by the Dutchess County Police. Under the guise of law enforcement, the District Attorney is misusing his police power in an attempt to drive us from our homes and shrines.

Daily, our privacy is illegally violated, our priests and students brutally dragged off to jail on trumped-up charges and held for ridiculous bail sums, and our buildings searched and ransacked without warrants.

We have no protection. Physical resistance is impossible and contrary to our beliefs in non-violence and love.

It is quite clear that Psychedelics are no longer an issue and probably never were. What is at issue is the civil and religious right of thirty law-abiding human beings to live in religious assembly in a place of their own choosing - no matter how strange, unorthodox, or unwelcome their customs may appear to the conservative, monied aristocracy who ruthlessly wield the political power of the county.

We have no hope of defense unless we can survive the police outrages long enough to bring our case openly before an unbiased and un intimidated court of law. Our will to resist is stronger than ever, but our pockets have been emptied by the legal and bondsmen's fees needed to meet the \$35,000 in bail charges levied against our people since last December 9th.

We appeal to all friends and enemies alike to come to our financial aid so that we can defend ourselves against this police harassment and brutality long enough to present our case fairly to the courts of this land.

Please send any help you can give to the:

Millbrook Defense Fund
Box B
Millbrook, New York 12545

Timothy Leary
Arthur Kleps
William Haines

Love and peace,

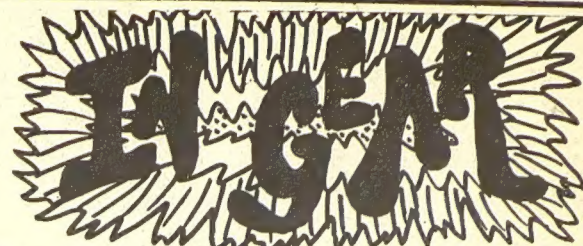
William Haines

ary. Deputies twice weekly with paddy wagons and warrants for one fictitious person or another, which leaves them free to search homes, places of worship, to take sacred articles from shrines, to subpoena anyone they haven't seen before, to harass the parents and question the children.

Jean McCreedy, the mother of two children, and a member of the League for Spiritual Discovery, was subpoenaed. She refused to say anything on the grounds that the Dutchess County Grand Jury was not equipped to deliberate a case such as this with religion as its foundation, and was sentenced to 30 days in jail.

Twelve-year-old Glenn McCreedy was subpoenaed to testify, as was his ten-year-old brother Cliff. They were not allowed to visit their mother, on the grounds that they are too young.

Four other League members were called to testify before the Grand Jury, and refused on the same grounds. All these people, Ed May, Marshall McNeil, Jesse Kelley, and Tom Schulz, are being held in the Dutchess County jail, without bail, as is Jean McCreedy. ---LNS



In 1964 the Beatles blazed a concert trail between England and America that has since been traveled by The Rolling Stones, The Animals, The Hollies, The Dave Clark Five, and Herman's Hermits. Bearing the standard of another British invasion is Cream, a traumatic trio with their first successful tour of the American circuit already behind them. Unlike their countrymen, Cream is built to American specifications, a sort of Anglo-Saxon Jefferson Airplane. Decked out with all the embellishments favored by American hippies, Cream purveys its own special brand of deafening acid-rock. What Cream actually delivers is distinct from anything yet heard on either side of the Atlantic.

Cream on rock is like sterling on silver. Their very name tells us that much. The group makes no fuss over modesty; its members (Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce, and Ginger Baker) joined hands one year ago because each was the other's favorite performer. The end result of this very fruitful combination is the attention-getting LP with the classy name, Disraeli Gears. The follow-up of Fresh Cream (Cream's big sleeper in American sales), Disraeli Gears shows a talent that eclipses even its American models.

Disraeli Gears gives perfect illustration of the winning musical combination that promises to carry Cream far. The trio's recurrent emphasis on the varied and professional use of instrumentals makes Disraeli Gears an object of veneration for anyone schooled in the limitations of electric guitar and bass. Instruments that are absolute staples for even amateurish rock n' rollers (guitar, bass, drums) are made to shriek, crackle, and vibrate ecstatically as if under the bend of some maestro's spell. Ginger Baker, for example, inundates the eardrums with a pounding percussion. In practice, vocals gradually fuse with instrumentals; the mainly blues lyrics wailed soulfully by Jack Bruce become one with the blaring vibrato and measured drums to form a unified whole. Without a doubt, the Grade A performance rendered on Disraeli Gears should break the ice that greeted Cream's first, ill-fated 45, "I Feel Free".

Highlights of the new disc include: "Sunshine of Your Love," "Dance the Night Away," "Blue Condition," "Tales of Brave Ulysses," and "Mother's Lament." A catchy song with an underground flavor, "Sunshine of Your Love" is a state of mind that exceeds four minutes in length. (Time has always been a barb barring Cream from the mass consumption appeal occasional spins on the radio can provide.) The subject of a single, its instrumental must be heard to be believed. "Dance the Night Away" also features haunting instrumentals buttressed by "Vocals". (Lyrical subject matter is petty in typical Cream fashion.) "Blue Condition" is a bluesy soul song done with the expertise of an Otis Redding. "Tales of Brave Ulysses" is a bold adventure yarn told with flighty verse that rivals the "wine-dark sea" and "rosy fingered dawn" of Homer ("and you touch the distant beaches with tales of Brave Ulysses, how his naked ears were tortured by the Sirens sweetly singing"). Side Two closes with "Mother's Lament," an English ballad of a baby so scrawny he perished down the drain during his bath. But, Mother need never fear. The boys console her in a Cockney as rich as fresh Cream: "your baby is perfectly happy; he's walking about with the Angels Above, while he twas but a goner before." The note of encouragement fades away when a half-hearted Stan Laurel-like voice asks: "You want to do it again?"



JANIS IAN



BOB NYSTEDT

Sprawled on an overstuffed sofa in a posh suite on the 10th floor of Chicago's Continental Plaza hotel, Janis Ian, 16, songwriter and singer, cracked up as she read something in the magazine she held in her hands. Laughing loudly, she showed what amused her to her lean, lanky traveling companion, a Negro girl whose name was disclosed only as "June". June laughed, too. But not so heartily as Janis. The magazine wasn't Sing Out, Evergreen Review, or even Cheetah. It was Playboy, the campiest of them all in most hip circles.

Which isn't surprising. Janis Ian, despite her penchant for Russian peasant shirt dresses, African beads, earrings, and knee boots, isn't very hip. She admits it. At least she did in Chicago.

"And I'm no flower child," she said. "I don't go into those things. There's nothing wrong with it, but I'm not part of it -- unless people think I am."

No, and she professes not to dig Bob Dylan or Joan Baez, although she confesses that at one time she looked up to Baez as sort of a heroine in the protest music field. As for Judy Collins, Janis apparently has more than a little respect.

"She has great training -- she uses her voice," Janis observed.

With two best-selling longplays released and a third in progress with Verve-Folkways Records in New York, Janis is fast approaching the status of the big-time folk-singers. But one can't quite classify this young woman who writes about strange and offbeat subjects as a folk singer.

The entourage of promotion and press agents with Janis Ian for her concert a few weeks ago at Orchestra Hall would like to classify her. They refer to her as "Society's Child," the title of one of her more controversial songs which for a time was refused air play on a lot of radio stations because it dealt with a white chick splitting with her spade boyfriend when her folks and society wouldn't accept their relationship. Maybe that's what Janis really is -- a child of society who just happens to pack a tremendous talent into her small -- but growing -- frame.

On Wells Street, Janis Ian, at first glance, would appear much like one of the plastic hippies who make the scene for a week-end, or in summer for four or five days at the most. Obviously she has never lived on the street. Any street. Whether it was located in Chicago, San Francisco, New York City, or Los Angeles. She would seem out of place in a Digger store, a crash pad, or a communal scene. Somehow, the Continental Plaza didn't seem wrong for her as it might be for those who don't dig pomp and splendor.

Chicago is not one of her favorite stands. She prefers concerts in New York, L.A., or Berkeley. Berkeley is "the most," she says. And she hadn't done a stand in Greenwich Village for a year and a half, although that's where she got her start singing at hoots.

What turns her on? Music, of course. Music, and words, food, people, laughing, and calling her own shots. Now that she's a rising star, she can call a few shots of her own now and then -- at least when the flack people aren't around.

On that day in the Continental Plaza, Janis recalled that she had written 43 songs in 1967. Other people have called them poems. But Janis says they're songs. She has no pattern for writing them.

"I don't need solitude," she explained. "A song comes on all at once. Then I polish it. But I don't polish it too much so that the original idea gets lost."

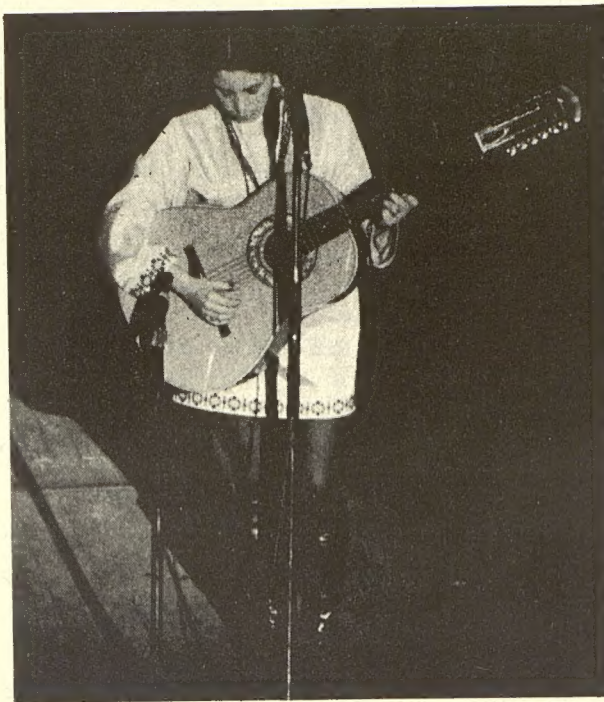


Photo: Gene Pitts

Janis claimed she "feels them inside her" and that basically she doesn't hustle them out. Neither does she concern herself with reaction to her songs. They are written because she feels that way inside at the time and if other people like or dislike them she couldn't care less. But when songs one writes can be converted into greenbacks, I wonder how far this philosophy can hold up. I think Janis does, too. Way down deep. She is not a shallow girl.

Of all things in the world that Janis professes to dislike the most, it is a phony. Anything phony turns her around. When she started out in New York three years ago Janis Ian wasn't a phony. She was a dumpy kid who gave up the piano for the guitar and sang her often fragile, sometimes cynical songs for anyone who'd listen. She became a drop-out from school because the ones she attended didn't quite come up to her expectations. At 14, she appeared at a Broadside magazine hootenanny, at 15 she was billed at the now closed Gaslight in New York, and she recorded "Society's Child." Then she waited. But not for long, at least for one her age. Leonard Bernstein "discovered" her and put her on national television. The controversy over that song and her first album brought more attention. By the time her second longplay, "For All the Seasons of Your Mind," was pressed, Janis Ian was a celebrity.

By now, she will have made her songs and style a part of the mad, mod British scene. She was to have left for Britain this month for at least three weeks of concerts and appearances. Then to work on album No. 3.

In a way, it might be best if Janis Ian sticks to the piano, the 12-string guitar, and her singing. She gets raves from most of the reviewers and critics in those endeavors.

Peggy King of the Oakland Tribune wrote last summer that 10 years from now Janis may be one of the most important song creators in the world; "creators" because she does not merely write a song, she builds it. Each song is a blueprint of a rather abstract disunion of musical styles, each has a musically askew structure that would baffle a trained musician. Except when Janis plays and sings her songs of lyrical dissent.

The Oakland interviewer also noted, however, that Janis did not come across as a powerhouse of profundity and added that perhaps the youngster would fare better if she stuck to her cho-

sen vocation.

Peggy King is correct. At times, Janis does show an almost embarrassing naivety, due probably to her age and her inexperience. Despite the fact she wants her name emblazoned on record jackets, on newspaper pages, and in magazines, she gets up tight when she, as she puts it, is "misquoted." When Janis teed off on the Haight-Ashbury crowd in San Francisco, the press there carried her comments far and wide. Janis disclaimed everything. "I didn't say anything about the hippies," she countered. "I don't even know what a hippie is," which is pretty preposterous, especially for a kid who supposedly knocked around the Village nightspots on her first try for fame.

Janis makes no bones about it. "I want to become famous," she has said, over and over again in interviews across the U.S. At times, it seems this preoccupation could be her undoing. There is beauty in Janis Ian. There is beauty in her songs. But fame and glib jive talk can tarnish beauty to the point where it fades away. When one writes songs like Janis, the beauty is essential. When she sings about prostitutes, the plagues of parents, the stresses of growing up, the injustices she sees, she must hang onto her humility. Without it, she's already on the way down, instead of up.

Unlike Dylan, Baez, Collins, Tim Hardin, Phil Ochs, and scores of other protest singers, Janis hasn't lived the songs she writes. She has been an observer, a reporter, and, at best, a teen-age judge and jury on the mores and pitfalls of the generation she sings to, and the generations that begot them. She hasn't marched at Selma, or ridden a freight, or known the pangs of love and sorrow that give a song (or poem) more meaning, more depth, than merely a glance and a shrugging of the shoulders.

So far, Janis has climbed toward fame strictly on the merits of her talent -- which is abundant. But when she gets back from England, and gets that next platter in the can and gets her schooling straightened around, perhaps she should come down out of the Continental Plaza atmosphere and find out where it's at and what it's about on the street.

Bookings at Philharmonic Hall in New York and Orchestra Hall in Chicago are great. So is the green coming in from best-selling records. And being the center of attention isn't bad either. So long as it doesn't go to your head.

What I'm trying to say, Janis, is this. Give yourself time to grow, and room enough to do it in, too. Get off the Janis Ian kick long enough to mingle with the people who don't give a damn about fame and fortune. Become part of the scene, of what's happening, instead of being only an observer. And don't laugh about the war in Vietnam, the flower children, pot, the put-down world and the citizens who live there. A writer of songs, like a writer of anything, must experience that about which she writes. Unless you do that, Janis, fame may be fleeting if not well nigh impossible to attain.

JUST OPENED
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Former Dallas Congressman Bruce Alger has organized a "nationwide" group to counter "liberal" fund-raising for the election of representatives.

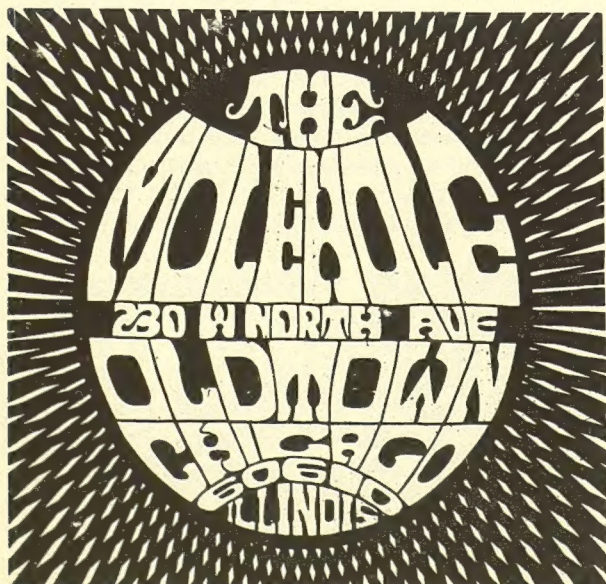
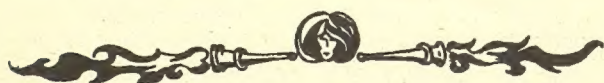
Alger's group, the United Congressional Appeal, will attempt to "wrest control from the liberals".

The founding fathers of this new group have interesting backgrounds. Col. Curtis B. Dall, an anti-Semite and chairman of the Liberty Lobby, a notoriously anti-Semitic organization, is listed as the founder. Joe Acord, noted white supremacist, and Mrs. Taylor Caldwell, of Rhodesian white-supremacy fame, are also listed. The remaining members are also members of the Conservative Alliance and Conservative Viewpoint, both of which have had anti-Semitic dealings.

Alger, as a congressman, led a large group of Conservative Republicans who spat on vice-presidential candidate Lyndon B. Johnson and Ladybird in Dallas during the 1960 campaign. He was also in the mob that struck Adlai Stevenson with a sign on "U. N. Day" in Dallas in 1963. Stevenson, after his visit to Dallas, warned President John F. Kennedy not to come to Dallas, that there was a sickness in the city. LNS

Will any sexually free souls (with bodies attached) belonging to the Sexual Freedom League please contact the SEED? We've had quite a few calls from people interested in joining the Chicago branch, or starting one if there is none here. Orgasm is where it's at....

A student strike at the University of Rochester succeeded in changing the status of demonstrators at a Dow Chemical Co. recruitment from suspension to academic probation.



"The only way to settle questions of an ideological nature or controversial issues among the people is by the democratic method, the method of discussion, of criticism, of persuasion and education, and not by the method of coercion or repression."

From The Quotations of
Chairman Mao Tse Tung

"Let us sit down and reason together."

L. B. Johnson

"A plague on both your houses."

W. Shakespeare

Travel Unrestricted - For Now

Now is the best time to take one of those trips to the four off-limit counties: China, Cuba, North Vietnam and North Korea. The government is currently without power to act against such travelers.

According to the Dec. 20 ruling of the U.S. Court of Appeals in the case of Prof. Staughton Lynd, the State Dept. cannot legally take away the passports of those traveling to the off-limits lands.

An earlier ruling, based on the case of the students who traveled to Cuba, prevented prosecution by the government against intrepid travelers. The government's determined battle against the right to travel, however, continues with the administration's request that Congress pass a bill making it a crime punishable by a year in jail and a \$1,000 fine to travel to the prohibited nations. - LNS

Oz is a relatively new group (they've been together about six weeks) and a small one (4 humans: Sylvia Caldwell, Jack Lee, Tim Lewis, and Russ Machus). A small group but they have a sound that grabs you and doesn't let go until long after you hear them. They write and arrange all their own songs. One of the best songs they did was called "Down, Down, Down", and featured fantastic vocals. Go see them next time they come around. Oz is worth it.



UNDERSTANDING SCHIZOPHRENIA

According to an editorial appearing in the Journal of the American Medical Association, "The hazard of LSD administration appears to be not in the precipitation of a schizophrenic-like state, but rather in decreasing emotional and affective controls and inducing a persistent state of altered consciousness." (198:658, Nov. 7, 1966). The part that LSD, psilocybin and mescaline can play in causing schizophrenia is known to be quite remote. (J. A. M. A. 187:758-761, 1964). LSD has not been shown to actually cause schizophrenia.

The whole shot is that some cats are already schizoid before taking acid. Scientific American reported that patients who freaked out after a single LSD experience had all suffered from "extended schizophrenia" beforehand. (214:54 Feb. 1966). The fact of the matter is that acid has been used as an effective cure for some kinds of schizophrenia. Although shrinks can't tell just who will freak-out, it seems that emotionally hypertense cats freak-out more easily than those with thought disorders. So maybe you should think about where you're at before dropping.

	POBLACION EN U.S.A.	MUERTOS EN VIETNAM
HISPANOS	3%	20%
NEGROS	10%	+50%
AMERICANOS BLANCOS	87%	30%

FIRST PUERTO RICAN DRAFT RESISTER!

The offices of the Latin American Defense Organization (1306 N. Western) released this chart regarding the origins of those servicemen killed in Vietnam in support of Fred Aviles, 25, who has refused induction for reasons of conscience.

A rally in his support at the LADO offices is believed to be the first such anti-war demonstration by Spanish-speaking people of Chicago.

Pamme Brewer has been freed of charges of "selling obscene literature" by an Alachua, Fla., county judge, who ruled she was arrested on a "defective warrant". Miss Brewer, a former U. of Florida coed who was forced to leave the university after posing nude for an off-campus humor magazine, was arrested in December for selling "The Love Book" at her psychedelic shop in Gainesville.

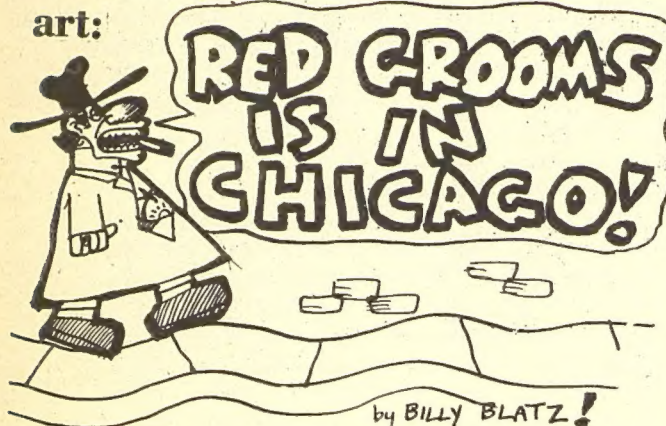
Chief Deputy L. J. Hindery claimed that the book is "about as vulgar as you can get." It's nothing but a collection of four-letter words." Nineteen-year-old Pamela said, "I don't see anything obscene about the book. I don't think it would appeal to anyone's prurient interests. It doesn't do a damn thing for me!"

Miss Brewer was arrested in December at her shop, the Subterranean Circus, where officers confiscated four copies of "The Love Book", 20 posters from the "Kama Sutra Portfolio", a "Love" poster, two copies of EVO, and one copy each of the SF Oracle, the International Times, the LA Oracle, and Heads-Up. Even after charges were dropped, she was forced to get a court order for the return of the illegally confiscated merchandise.

"The Love Book" is a collection of poetry by Lenore Kandel, a 36-year-old housewife. It describes aspects of sexual intercourse and has sold about 30,000 copies in the U.S. and abroad. It was confiscated and cleared on the same charges in California and Washington, and is currently on trial in San Francisco where it is being defended by the ACLU. ---LNS

REVIEWS... SORT OF

art:



WOWIE ZOWIE BABY! You thought it was a freak-out when Dr. Lao's Circus came to town? You ain't seen nuthin' yet!

Red Grooms (with the aid of some secret power or precious bodily fluids) has managed to take the entire city of Chicago--past and present--and compress it into a joyful 20 x 20 foot cartoon package that fills the Frumkin Gallery, 620 North Michigan Avenue.

Red has built giant toys that are scenes of Chicago and its personages - famous, infamous, and anonymous. There is Mayor Daley striding down Michigan Avenue - a colossus, towering above the buildings, but no taller than Hugh Hefner striding uphill to meet him (a moral there?).

Straight or stoned, you'll have a ball crawling about through the show, discovering little things you missed the first time around.

LITTLE EGYPT'S BELLY DANCE FOSSILS UNDER SUBWAYMANDROWNINGINCHICAGO RIVERAIRPLANESHADOWONROOFOFBUILDINGBUTNOPLANEINSKY VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE ETC., ETC., ETC., AD INFINITUM. Even with the knowledge that he had several helpers, it's amazing that he finished all this in the short time he's been in Chicago. Need a quote from the Artist to make this seem like a real art review? OK. Here it is.

"There is something about Chicago . . ."

Latest news is that the "Chicago Installation" will grace the main entrance of the American Pavilion at the Venice Biennale International Art Blast. In September, the whole show moves to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. (Watch out, LBJ!)

play

The Hull House Playwrights' Center at 220 W. North Avenue in Piper's Alley is presenting a two play production every weekend during the month of January.

The first of the two plays, *The Outcasts*, by David Stern, is a one act, one scene drama based on the problem of living within an inhumanistic and unexamined moral code. The particular situation arises when a Jewish boy and girl, both illegitimate, try to find happiness and at the same time abide by a Jewish law which prohibits the marriage of a Jewish bastard with any but another Jewish bastard. Conflict results when the demands of the law cannot be reconciled with personal needs of the individual.

Phillis Hubbell plays Eunice, a shy, withdrawn, plain Jewish girl, well. We first wince and then shed an inner tear (sometimes an outer one) as Miss Hubbell portrays Eunice's unsuccessful effort to reconcile her individual needs to the unrelenting demands of the Jewish

society. Eunice's resistance is finally reduced to degrading humble docility.

Mark Friedman, who portrays Ronald, Eunice's aggressive, cynical, and sadistic suitor, does indeed make us despise him.

There seem to be several places in the play that disrupt the audience-actor communication. It is difficult to believe that Eunice, apparently brought up within the strict Jewish moral code, is not more shocked at discovering herself a bastard. Secondly, Ronald in his desire to strike out and hurt does indeed physically strike Eunice. It is my feeling that scenes involving violent body contact, especially where the audience is too close to the stage, are unconvincing. Thirdly, the rather abrupt introduction to Ronald's sadistic nature in the departure scene is somewhat startling. Perhaps I failed to pick up earlier cues, but even so I would suggest that the principal shortcoming of the drama is that Ronald's character is made too complex for the length of time available.

These criticisms should in no way detract from the worth of seeing this play. Without doubt Miss Hubbell and Mr. Friedman successfully tell a significant story and weave the spell. And that is what it is all about, isn't it?

--Harry Kelly

MUZAK

Dear Bobbi,

You'll never gess where I went last nite! Well, I went to see the Velvet Underground at Aardvark theater. I sent away for a ticket to Ron Britain and I was one of the first 200 teenagers to writt in and I got a ticket FREE!!!! And it was in Piper's ally in old Town. And Mom said it was okay for me to go if I went with Ruthie becuase she don't want me going down to that nieghberhood alone at nite. So me and Ruthie went down there. And we saw Ron Britain. And he dressed up like a Hippy or something, with a blond wig and glasses and red poetry about the Velvet Under Ground, and it was pretty funny mostly only nobody lafft. And when he was thru they came up on the stage, and the drummer was a GIRL! !!! And there was a short guy who played lead gitar, and the tall one who played bass had a mustach and looked a lot like George Harrison, at least his hair did. And a guy in the corner who plays organ and electric VIO-LIN!!!! And there was a movie running by Andy Warthog or somebody, and they showed it right on top of the band while they were playing, and a spotlite that changed colors all the time. And Ruthie went to see who was playing the spotlite, and it was another GIRL! !!! And her name was Suzy Creamcheese or something, and she was jiggling that spotlite up and down and around and workin it back and forth and playin with it and Ruthie sorta lafft and said it was embarrasin to watch. So we stopped watchin and danced in the isle like the short guy said to. He said it would get them higher if peple danced but they dint look high to me, all except the girl drummer. She looked like she was hypnotize. But she dint do much but pound away on the drums, no fancy stuff, I gess that because shes a girl and they want the fellas to do all the hard stuff, but they dint do to much of that themselves, except the short guy kept playing feedback on his gitar instead of the reglar way and it hurt my and Ruthie's ears. They were kinda loud, but thats okay, because then all you could hear was the beat, and we just wanted to dance any ways.

When we left we got out first and we each got

a free record White Heat/White light but I dont understand why they gave it a all-black cover then. Theres a song on there about some girl's operation, but you can dance to it so thats okay.

The velvet underGround is okay, but nothing to go outta your mind over. But it was free so i enjoyed it. Ruthie too.

Love, Bev

FLICK

William Blake once said of Milton that he made Satan in *Paradise Lost* so much more impressive than God because "he was a true Poet and of the Devil's party without knowing it." In "Bedazzled", currently showing at the Esquire, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore are definitely--and consciously--of the Devil's party, with hilarious results.

Peter Cook's Lucifer is much more appealing than stuffy old invisible God, the omnipresent voyeur. Even Dudley Moore, hereinafter to be called the Damned, finds him lovable, despite all the little tricks his job requires (fleecing little old ladies, setting enraged wasps after flower children, scratching new records, sending pigeons after gentlemen in bowler hats.)

The plot is the old Faust bit, complete with a Marguerite--actually Margaret, a waitress at Wimpy's, played by Eleanor Bron. Cuddly dudley in the person of Stanley Moon, a short order cook, sells his soul to get her--and get her he does--almost. Six times, in fact, in six different wish fulfillments, ranging from intellectual seduction through TV pop show to Flying Nun (all done with trampolines). In between times he and Lucifer chat cozily about God, Man, the Universe, the Seven Deadly Sins, and the purpose of it all (it turns out that the whole thing's a game and man always loses). Raquel Welch puts in a brief (flame-red bikini brief, in fact) appearance as Lust---she certainly is. The other sins are well-played, especially Envy; and the camera work is fantastic.

Cook, Moore and Bron have worked together a lot on British TV, and are as smooth a team as Nichols and May. Whether Cook or Moore is being the cuckolded husband, or Bron is bitch, saint, waitress or just a pair of bare boobs in the bathtub, they're all great.

God is not dead, they say, he just doesn't want to get involved; but they say it in such a way that you wonder if he was even there at all. And the God pictured (or more accurately, heard) in "Bedazzled" is a thoroughly unpleasant old turd. I love Lucifer. You will too.

---James Nayler

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CONCENTRATION CAMPS U.S.A. by Charles R. Allen, Jr. (Available from: Citizens Committee for Constitutional Liberties, 22 E. 17 St., N. Y., N. Y. 10003, Rm 1525. \$1.00)

reviewed by Carl Robb

The LBJ administration could easily use the Vietnam war, especially if the war expanded into China, as a pretext for jailing of political opponents or critics of the existing administration. The Internal Security Act of 1950 (popularly known as the McCarran Act) set up six concentration camps around the U.S. If an internal security emergency was declared by the President then American citizens could be imprisoned in such a camp solely on the grounds that "he probably will conspire with others to engage in acts of espionage or of sabotage."

The Nazi Conspiracy and Aggression act which put millions into German concentration camps was similarly worded, as follows: "Suspicion of activities inimical toward the Reich...and being expected in the future to disobey official administrative regulations and act as an enemy of the Reich."

According to the author of this book since 1952 on no less than 24 occasions U.S. Congressmen and Senators have tried to have an internal security emergency declared on the strength of "evidence" that Communists were on the verge of overthrowing the country through their asserted subversion of the civil rights and peace movements and key trade unions.

Five of the original six camps are now on a stand-by basis ready for instant use should the McCarran Act ever be invoked. They are at Wickenburg and Florence, Arizona; El Rena, Oklahoma; Allenwood, Pennsylvania; and Tule Lake, California. There are also 7 other available sites and one original site at Avon Park, Florida is in an unknown status at the present time.

"Operation Dragnet" is the FBI code name for the round-up of potential spies and saboteurs. The FBI pickup list is said to range from 50,000 to 550,000. By any means the government is well prepared since it has printed up one million Detention Warrants.

While some may not like the comparison to the Nazi concentration camps there are still many similarities. The author of this book points out that the creation of these concentration camps in the U.S. has been kept as secret as possible. They are in remote areas and are used as a threat or system of terror.

The following are quotes from the American prosecution at the Nuremberg War Crimes trials in 1946. "The concentration camp... was a pillar of the system of terror by which the Nazis consolidated their power over Germany. As sites for concentration camps, the Nazis inevitably chose an inaccessible area... To heighten the atmosphere of terror surrounding the concentration camps they were shrouded in secrecy. What went on behind the barbed-wire enclosures was a matter of fearful conjecture..."

While the U.S. is probably not yet equivalent to Nazi Germany of 1933, nonetheless, under certain circumstances, the U.S. concentration camps would serve the same political purpose.

SOCIAL CHICAGO



The marriage of Trudy Schechtman and Scotty Barnett was celebrated February 3, at 8 pm, at the Peace Shop, the pacifist bookstore, at 711 W. Roosevelt Road. The ceremony which was written by the groom, was based on selections from The Prophet by Kahlil Gibran. Chapters on Love, Marriage, and Children were read. The minister performing the ceremony was Hunter Leggett of the Beverly Unitarian Church.

Mr. Barnett was discharged from Berns Air King Corporation for asking for an advance on his paycheck on which to get married.

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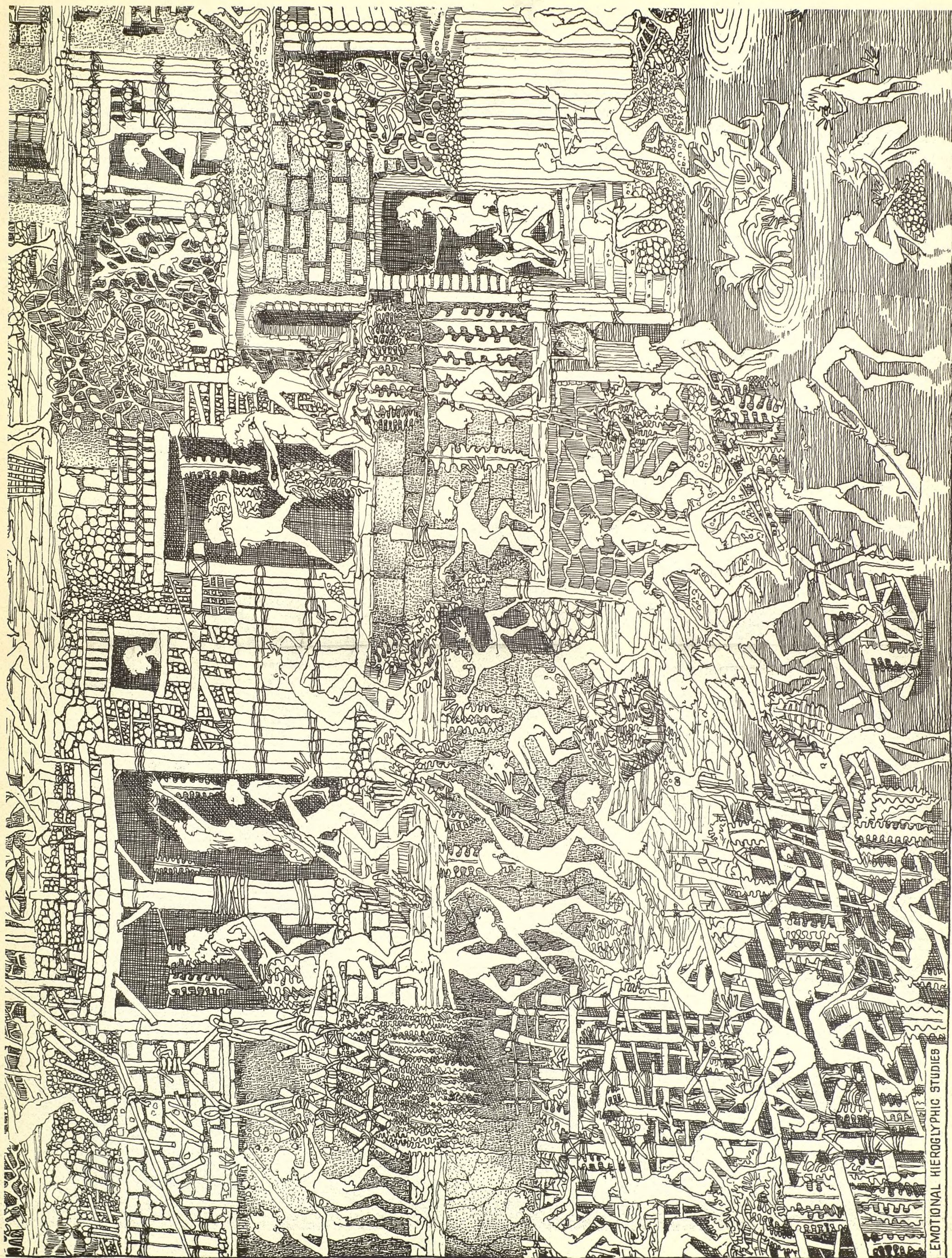
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was happy. I cannot avoid the word happy now, it has been taught to me. It is a ready-made goal given to me by society, a goal attained only once at my mother's breast, because after this flash of universal acceptance, this hour of fearlessness, shamelessness, amorality, goodness, I began to mature by chastisement:

First for going where I was not supposed to go--Slap! I feared that place. Touching my own body--Slap! I touched it no more and I shamed.

I was then warned against the dirty old men near the school yard, the drunk in the gutter, the potential evil in my peers: I could not stare into the eyes of a stranger without

doubt, without fear. I was informed that my body would die, that high places were dangerous, that evil men work their evil deeds at night, that the boogie man hides in the closet

and that someday, when I do not obey my mother's commands, he will get me, get me. I had learned what that meant--I was scared!

I was being given my fears, I was being given the tools with which to fight them--bravery, courage, virtue. I was given humility, being told that there is always a man better than I; before, I had no idea that I was inferior to any man.

They taught me what society values--money and comfort; They advocated confidence and damned conceit; They peddled meekness--it shall inherit the earth--and laughed at weakness;

They sold their section of the earth called America, as if they owned part of this earth.

They prized patriotism but damned foreign nationalism;

They advocated healthy competition, but condemned aggressiveness and preached unity.

They damned pre-marital sex but applauded the married couple with

white children, with a little smirk. They taught me degrees of good,

degrees of evil.

They gave me tools to be used to fight the man

who would use the little white lie

to play a game where two

people would sit facing each other

and stare into each other's eyes--a

staring contest. It took strength to

win, it took thoughts of something

other than the eyes of your opponent.

It should not be an endurance con-

test--Have you ever stared into the

eyes of a baby or a cat--they can

outstare you, because for them it is

not a contest: they have nothing to

lose, nothing to fear. But they will

learn.

They will learn to cringe at impending danger.

They will learn not to venture into the darkness alone.

They will learn that the truth is to be feared.

They will learn to live with fear, doubt, dishonesty, insincerity, and perversion--which is each one of us. And the fear of bodily injury, embarrassment, death, sex, and the multitude of others which compose

your personality, your ego. This layer of learned scum, which covers the newborn babe which we all are, will perpetuate itself, for although one speaks of God and eternal life, your ego knows that it will die when your body expires.

It is not difficult for me, for no one else to predict the reactions of you the reader or any other products of our moral society if I were

to expose my genitals before you. But I invite you to expose yourselves now, for I have a great love of the human body, and if you see filth, it

is not mine, for I am clean. If you see filth, you have put it there because you are chaste, because you are

moral; but you were not always so

VERY UNMORAL--MORALITY MAN!

When I was born, I had no idea of good or evil; I had no reason to believe my genitals were especially disgusting. "My Privates," they were a part of my healthy young human body, to be touched, to be admired, as is one's beautiful curly hair, or handsome face, or smooth delicate hands. I hated no one, especially not

myself. I did not fear death or the unknown, because the unknown was unknown and accepted as such. I was neither happy nor unhappy. I had to learn that also.

Unfortunately I was physically dependent on the breast which fed me. I loved this breast and its owner, my mother. I had no reason to believe she desired to harm me, I had no reason to believe she would teach me evil; for neither the word nor the concept of evil did exist; nor did good, its counterpart.

I had the universe in my mouth and

...this universal lover, which
...are, begs for unity, accept-
...expression which is denied by
...tradition, fear, our ego.

I will call the ego it for the
...it is.

...has learned to love comfort,
...convenience, America.

It will die for them.

It would rather kill, destroy a
human being, than be inconvenienced.

...have been killed for

...stealing--are possessions more
valuable than a human being?

...are killing and being killed

in wars for values that will be dead
in a hundred years.

Men are cheating, lying, suffering
for money, social status, comfort--

all transient commodities which will
die with the ego.

All of these men seek happiness:

the thief, the owner of the store who

kills the thief, the soldiers--on

both sides, the liars, con men, rap-

ists, murderers, priests, monks, rab-

bis, we as students, we as human be-

ings. We seek happiness in all ways

except one, the one which alone bring

brings true happiness: the happiness

of the babe, of the idiot, of the

cat.

What is the truth that the baby

lives? What is the truth crushed by

fear?

It is the truth of the universe,

of unity.

The truth of our existence as part

of the universe.

I know this is hard for your ego

to accept. You are not an exception,

your bodies and your egos are expend-

able, you will not be John Jones for-

ever: transitory existence is an ex-

pression of the truth.

Man has separated himself from the

order, the unity of the world. He has

placed himself above nature because

of his "intellect."

He seeks the supernatural for him-

self, fearing that the natural is as

high as one can climb.

He refuses to believe that he is

a part of the natural. Because of his

intellect he has done this, but as

there are degrees of strength, height

and speed, there are degrees of in-

tellectual capacity, and since he is

supposedly at the top of the intelli-

gential ladder, he believes that he

separates from the ladder.

We are human beings, inhabitants

of planet earth.

We are all equal as human beings,

and should accept ourselves as such--

your ego must admit this truth if

are to be happy.

Beneath these fears I see behind

me are your true selves.

You know we are the same--

different

Expressions of the same

Jesus Christ knew this, he knew

was one with all, with

one,

He loved indiscriminately, he

feared nothing,

For he knew there is nothing

fear;

he realized that the true self is

immortal

he called it the soul,

the soul is truth,

the soul is untouched by

trassment or any other

which infects the ego.

the soul fears no death--there is

none.

But, as in religion, one must

learn it must wait until death

be free of the physical limitations

suffering of the human body.

The existence of Jesus was the

wrong.

I know it is

...you also

I am trying to be

the truth. I will do nothing

to desire to do, for to deny my

expression, to deny my intellect

unique expression, is to be dis-

honest and insincere to myself.

I am transcending the fears that I

have learned, the fear of social dis-

grace, the fear of the United States

Government, the fear of myself and of

others--they cannot harm me--

I am transcending virtue and

shame.

I want to be able to look into any

one's eyes and see the being, the

soul which is identical to me: I want

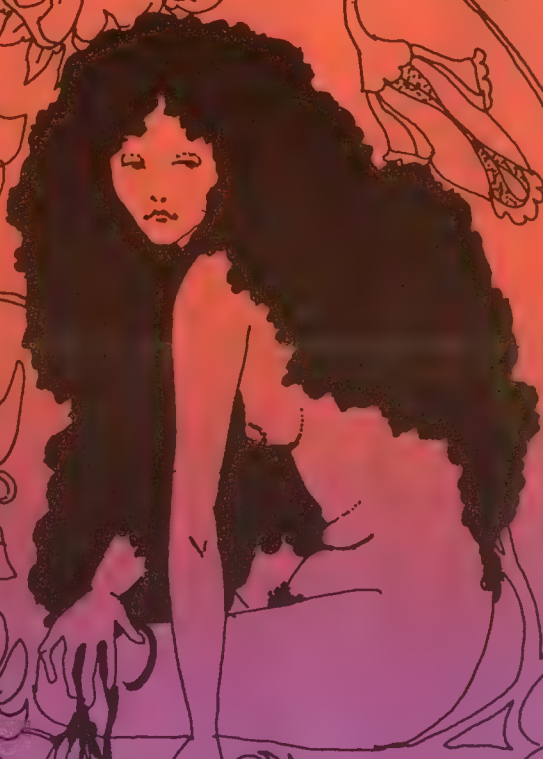
to look and see a reflection of my-

self.

I want you to know that this per-

whose words you see before you is

unique expression of yourself.



...or your soul--are
one.

You will be in your human form

but do not waste it in useless hate,

fear self-pity, and shame.

Do you not desire happiness?

Do you not want to relate to

about you?

Do you not desire to be God?

to be the universe

to be a human being

instead of a victim of

terror?

For unity you need truth,

Truth is sincerity

I am trying to love

I will succeed, I will be one with

all

You will succeed

if you strip yourself of your

fears and morality;

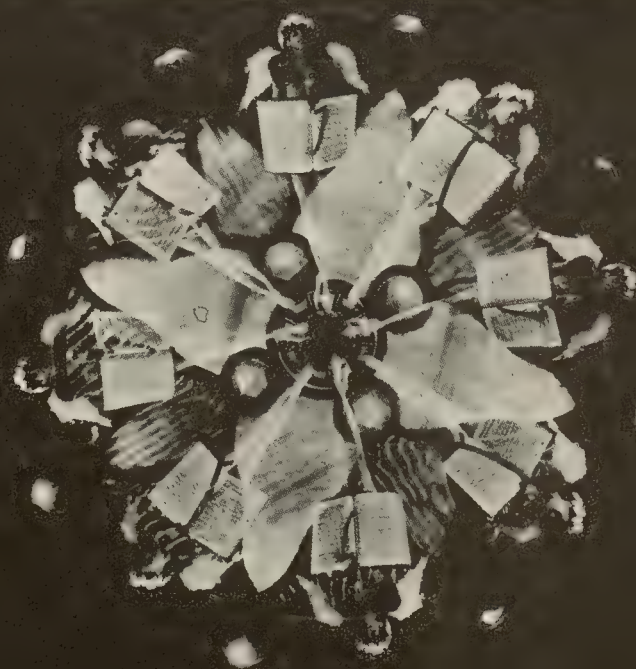
and live and love.

--Peter Glenn Kaprielian

YOU CAN HOLD IT IN YOUR HANDS. BUT NOT IN YOUR MIND

CADET
CONCEPT

Rotary Connection



Angelica wet with wine.
Tears sliding slowly
up a forehead.
Plastic heartbeats echoing
amidst chromium rafters.
Clarity of desecration.
Turn yourself on
with a diamond needle . . .
travel with us in
your favorite color.

ROTARY CONNECTION

from Cadet Concept
a slight deviation
from the norm

LP/LPS 312

Single:

Like a Rolling Stone

by Turn Me On

Cadet/Concept 7000

2 POEMS FOR TOPO

in late november forest dusk
nameless gray shades of photography
on my back
looking up through leafless canopies of distance
you read to me about
who sat beside you on a train
while you whispered your lonesome postcards to

delivered like sunest to everywhere
together
beneath the nearest of veils

sun flows through the window
after love
we sip tea
2 yellow roses
1 more wilted than the other
in silver in silver
one of us is reading poems at the other
you thinking it is me & me thinking it is you
the tongue tied wishbone cracked & died
its marrow verdict deep inside
the chinese statue rides again
through an endless green season of jade

---Mark Mendel

SUCH TOKENS DO WE CHERISH

Such tokens do we cherish
while airy embers
churn our mind,
while wisdom sleeps:
soft sounds of dawn
in the stone of grim cities
(ghosts of known persons,
a truck's tread echoing),
the portrait unpainted.

Nothing granted, nothing won;
no separate sea cools our shore,
nor any gain of gold redeem;
time, like rivers, never returns:
the moment is only ourselves.

--Bob Perlongo

I SING WITH SLOW SUNSETS

I sing with slow sunsets
and lap up the honey textured
meaning

I have the key
to dimensions but prefer
absolutely nothing

but the earth wearing masks
in infinite combinations
of comedy and tragedy

professing the absurdity
of pencilled variations
like these.

Stark naked
over the heads of the educators
I listen to and sing with
and watch and am observed by
and am warmed
and give warmth to
the meaning of sunset:

and I lap up
our honey textured meaning.

--Mike Janis

He grew up on the Plains,
The Plains that his Fathers before him
Had defended against the alien marauders
And from his Fathers he knew well
The pride and sorrow of his nation's history
So to him the white man's battles were of
little concern.

When he failed to report for his army induction
The feds wasted little time
They hauled him off of the reservation
To appear before the federal judge
And as happened to many others in those years
Who did not choose to heed the call of their
peers
He was sentenced to a federal correctional
institution.

When he passed thru those gates
Like all the new "fish" who were in quarantine
He had to undergo the psychiatric interview
And the bug doctor who for a screw wasn't really mean
Just a talkative patriotic sort
That didn't seem to dig conscientious objection
Liked to read the riot act
To those sent up on selective service violation.

He would always come on with the usual jive
About misguided revolt against parental authority
Neglecting one's duty to flag and country
And for Brings the Pipe he added a special pitch.
He wanted to know why he of all people
An original American
The son of a warrior nation
Did not want to take part
In his country's valorous crusade for liberation.

"Hah! My country," snorted Brings the Pipe,
"I am 22 and cannot buy one glass of whiskey!"
And then with his own sly smile
He suggested to the doctor,
"I will make a deal with you,
You guys keep the treaty that you made with
My Grandfather,
I will fight in your battles for you!"

It was then the usually loquacious prison
doctor
Being at a loss for a suitable answer
Found it convenient to bring this interview
To its conclusion.

--Carlos Cortez

ROLLING STONE

746 Brannan, San Francisco, California 94103

"Rolling Stone is the best rock and
roll publication around today."

—Derek Taylor

ROLLING STONE is a rock and roll newspaper published twice a month in San Francisco about what's happening in San Francisco and in the rock and roll scenes across the country and in England. Recent issues have featured the ROLLING STONE Interview with Donovan, Bob Dylan, George Harrison, Ravi Shankar, and B. B. King. There will be a lot more. The first issue of ROLLING STONE contained the long story about the mysterious disappearance of the money made at the Monterey Pop Festival. Recently we predicted that the "Rome Pop Festival" might never come off. It didn't.

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Rolling Stone
746 Brannan Street
San Francisco, California
94103
Gentlemen:
Please enter my name for a subscription to Rolling Stone. I am enclosing \$5.00 for a one year subscription.
Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....
Zip Code..... SE



you are in my head always
no matter which aspect of you i hold to me
the others stand watching
it will only be possible
for me to explore your different faces
through time: one of them is mine.
yes, i am one
of the multitude of stars in the sky
and which one i started to be
was forgotten long ago.
she is another aspect of me
you are another face of him
we are they
all one
all stars
burning burning
shining
in my head always:
always
all ways
all fire
all love
all one.

Ah, yes: but now comes the question, What are you going to do about it? You know, if you are at all bound by the rules which you have set upon yourself in the name of other people or order or religious concern or (yes) love (and I know you are bound), you know, I say, that it is impossible to do anything.

What would the neighbors say? What would the cops say? What would the priest say? What would your mother say? What would your friends say? What would your guru say? What would your ego say?

Turn all that inside out. How you do it is unimportant. Drugs, meditation, sex--any ecstatic experience will do. Or none at all: just drink a glass of water or eat when you are hungry. Laugh. Weep. Take a good healthy shit. Draw a picture. Go to sleep. It's all there.

So it's turned. You're tuned. What to do? Do your thing, and what that is I can't tell you. It may be digging ditches, or making jewelry, or changing diapers, or dancing: it's all there. And if your thing is not apparent, maybe the description in the catalog hasn't been written yet. It's not absolutely necessary to be an artist or writer or even a sandal-maker or member of a rock group. Don't move, you're perfect just as you are. There is no Should.

To the Elf: there is no glass. Put out your hand and find out.

Understand rivalry and you understand America.
--from an advertisement in Life magazine,
1947.

I met Dennis Riordan last year when he and Rick Boardman came to the small Quaker group I attend which meets twice a month on the North Side. Though Dennis didn't say much, we felt that he was a part of us; and when we heard of his arrest, trial, and sentencing, it was with a feeling that is becoming more and more familiar among peace activists in general and Quakers in particular: one of our own had been taken by the powers of evil.

We talked about it among ourselves and I decided to write to him and let him know that we were thinking of him, and ask him if there was anything the meeting could do for him or his parents.

The first time I sent the letter, it was to DuPage County Jail. It was returned marked "Addressee unknown", as by this time Dennis had been moved to the Federal prison camp at Springfield, Missouri. So I mailed it again.

Yesterday it came back again, this time marked RETURN TO SENDER. It had been opened and resealed with Scotch tape and staples. Inside, the letter bore the stamp:

MEDICAL CENTER FOR FEDERAL PRISONERS

JAN 16 1968

INSPECTOR NO. 3

There was enclosed a mimeographed handout, form 485, INSTRUCTIONS FOR CORRESPONDENCE. Some excerpts:

"... Our men will be permitted to receive letters only from persons whose names appear on the approved list of correspondents. This list is prepared from requests submitted by each man, and is limited to close relatives and friends, all of whom must be fully identified before approval. Letters received from persons not on the approved list are normally returned to sender...

"...Enclosures are discouraged...Please do not send clippings, pamphlets, letters from others, etc....

"...Money in reasonable amounts may be sent and will be credited to a man's account. Gifts of any other nature are not permitted...

"Men are not allowed to receive letters in which we find any attempt to disguise meaning or evade inspection. Letters in languages other than English are accepted only if post-marked outside continental U. S. A.

"Letters should not mention present or former residents of this or any other Correctional Institution. Obscenity, sensational or disturbing news, reference to illegal activities, abusive language, or attacks on anyone will not be permitted...

"The right is reserved to limit the number and length of letters any man may receive if the total volume from his correspondents becomes excessive.

It occurred to me that the rule about the English language would probably work quite a hardship on the parents of a Puerto Rican pri-

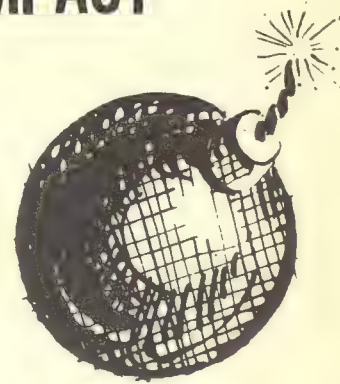
soner, say, if they spoke only Spanish and lived in Chicago; that the prohibition of gifts of anything but money gives complete censorship of reading material to the prison authorities; that as my return address was on the outside of the envelope, Inspector No. 3 had no business reading a letter that he knew would not be delivered, and thus my privacy was invaded; that the rule about content of letters can be (and obviously is) used to cut draft-resisters off from any news of the peace movement; and that though stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage, mimeographed forms and faceless rubberstamp Inspectors will do very nicely instead.

"It is commonly thought that, of all people, lovers behold one another in the most unrealistic light, and that in their encounter is but the mutual projection of extravagant ideals. But may it not be that nature has allowed them to see for the first time what a human being is, and that the subsequent disillusion is not the fading of dream into reality but the strangling of reality with an all too eager embrace?"

--Alan Watts, Nature, Man and Woman



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WITH
IMPACT**



One explosive issue after another gets to the heart of everything from Cuban culture to ghetto-repression. From the NLF to the CIA, you get in-depth, stimulating coverage of the vital news in this explosive world. Bang!

Guardian 1890-1900

I enclose \$ for: Ten-week trial sub—\$1.
One-year regular sub—\$7. One-year student sub—
\$3.50 (include name of school). Add \$1.50 for
Can., Lat. Amer., \$2 elsewhere.

name—please print

address

city state zip

197 E. 4th St., New York, N.Y. 10009

The National Investigation Committee on Aerial Phenomena Newsletter for February carried the following:

Dr. J. Allen Hynek (USAF consultant for providing scientific explanations for UFO sightings, and head of the Astronomy Dept. at Northwestern University), has released the following over the wires of UPI.

"The AF does a poor job of investigating UFO reports."

"For 20 years the USAF has been operating on the belief that UFO reports are false, 90-95% of the reports are not really UFO's, if they try a little harder they can reduce the 5% of UFO reports to 0%, and investigation is a waste of the taxpayers' money."

Dr. Hynek calls for the "FBI treatment" of a panel of physicists to analyze UFO reports, and a panel of Psychologists to analyze those making the reports.

Despite the fact that every newspaper in the country had received this message on January 12, the Chicago Affiliate has searched and not been able to locate any account of this message in our local papers. To our knowledge only Paul Harvey read this report on his noon time broadcast over WNUS.

This message carries the sharpest criticism of the AF efforts yet uttered publicly by Dr. Hynek.

Watch for our next issue, with an interview with YIP's Jerry Rubin, some delving into hallucinations, Vedanta, gay bars, draft resistance, paranoia, and all sorts of goodies... maybe even Ultimate Truth....



HIP JOB CO-OP

WE HAVE PLENTY OF WILLING WORKERS FOR ANY JOB LARGE OR SMALL. . . LOVING BABY-SITTERS, TYPISTS, ARTISTS, POSTER DESIGNERS, POETS, HOUSE-CLEANERS, MODELS, CRAFTSMEN, GROOVY GUIDES, ETC. CALL 337-4534.



IF YOU NEED BREAD TO DO YOUR THING, COME IN AND TELL US WHAT YOU DO OR WILL DO AND WE'LL TRY TO FIND YOU A JOB OR A SHOP WHERE YOU CAN SELL YOUR WARES OR. . . IF YOU KNOW OF JOBS OR KNOW SOMEONE WHO KNOWS WHERE THEY'RE AT. . . CALL 337-4534. THE HIP JOB CO-OP IS LOCATED IN THE SEED OFFICE AT 1406 N. SEDGWICK IN OLD TOWN GARDENS.

? Work is Love ?



There's been a rash of cases lately of patients being turned away from hospitals and dying. The latest was a newborn girl, born in her father's car on the way to Columbus Hospital. Her father hailed a cop, Robert Carlson, whose report reads:

"I ran into the Sheridan General Hospital and told the nurse at the desk that there was a lady outside having a baby in a car."

"The nurse told me that the hospital did not have facilities in obstetrics and directed me to Edgewater Hospital about a mile away."

"A doctor from the hospital came out and he also directed me to Edgewater Hospital. At no time did the nurse or the doctor look at the woman or even go by the woman's car."

The baby was unconscious and in critical condition by the time she got to Edgewater, and died a few hours later.

On January 22, a traffic victim, Charles Ruffin, was turned away from Belmont Hospital and died at County Hospital of internal bleeding. Belmont officials said they did not have a bed for him.

It seems mighty strange that doctors are so busy working on fantastic scientific breakthroughs like heart transplants, prosthetic appliances powered by the body's own electricity, Sim One (the robot patient who breathes, reacts to drugs, has convulsions, sleeps and even dies), pacemakers, artificial kidneys and miracle drugs that they have no time for real live human beings who are dying in the street. Perhaps a little old-fashioned human compassion should be added to all those computers. A.M.A., are you listening? No? Thought not.

San Diego now has something like an organized hip community centered around the Cosmic Science Church and a group called the Federal Reserve. They call their newspaper (mimeographed first edition) The Voice of the Turtle. Copies of it are available from The Voice of the Turtle, 746 Emerald St., San Diego, California. Send a little bread or a stamped self-addressed envelope.

the LONG HARM OF THE LAW

ONCE MAN WAS walking down the street and eating a banana, and he threw his peel into the trash can. But then he decided



2. When it called help he tried to get it out, but just as he reached in he was stopped!!



3. "That - said THE man, - is a felony: Tampering with U.S. government - TRASH!"



4. Now so she was arrested. - in handcuffs -



OFFERING EVIDENCE OF MAGIC

The ISB

The second album by The Incredible String Band is now available in the United States. A decidedly esoteric work, *The 5000 Spirits or Layers of the Onion* will not inundate our top-40 AM airwaves. But it is, we think, an essential recording for anyone having a more than superficial interest in today's musical and poetic innovations.



Acclaimed in England as: "The most sophisticated piece of experimenting that the British pop world has seen for some time," (*The Guardian*); "The most beautiful songs and the most inventive sounds on any scene bar none," (*The Observer*); and, "Lyrically and musically the closest to a work of genius yet produced by the folk avant-garde," (*Record Retailer*).

The 5000 Spirits or Layers of the Onion by The Incredible String Band

EKS-74010 (stereo) EKL-4010 (mono)



SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND

Sixteen cheers from THE CHICAGO SEED to the chicago tribune.

HIP! HIP! HIP! HIP! HIP! HIP! HIP! HIP!
HIP! HIP! HIP! HIP! HIP! HIP! HIP! HIP!
-HARRUMPH!

WANTED: One loving owner for a groovy cat. Answers to the name of Fred and is a feline type cat. 1 yr. old, orange, and has 7 toes on each front leg. In great need of loving home. Call after 5-- MIA-TAFT

Come together. Sell your wares. Beads. Bags. Pots, Hangings. Hookahs. Possibly open a store. If you are more interested in doing your own job than somebody else's write Nancy, c/o Seed or call & leave your number.

Collectors! Help us raise money for our 17-year-old son, jailed on marijuana charges. For sale: Atwater Kent radio, old 1800's cameras, books, records. Mr. Joe Adams, 324 S. Madison, Rockford, Ill. 61108. Phone: 965-3157.

Terri Williams -- Please call home. We are worried about you. We miss you. We love you. Call collect AD 2-6320.

THE JOB CO-OP PEOPLE ARE LOOKING FOR A HOUSE WHERE THEY CAN LIVE AND LOVE.

LA COLOMBE
Monthly newsletter of the movement
(an Activist Bulletin Board)

what's happening. where. when. who.
\$5 for 12 months. Alum Creek Press,
2024 N. Fremont, Chicago, Ill. 60614

REMINDER? CORRECTION?
The poem in the last issue of the Seed entitled RIPLEY was written by the FLOWER LADY.

Boy, 18, wants girl about same age, nice-looking, interesting, personality, sincere--must be nuts. No hard core hippies. Please call 337-4243 aft. 6 Mon. thru Thursday

LOVE SCENE
Sexual Freedom League newsletter. Mailed in plain cover. \$1. Box 14034, San Francisco, 94114

Shy male, 21, wants to meet shy hippie girl for tender moments, Stone minutes and Beatle Trips together. 642-8913

Needed Female Model - Nude for sketch work. Will pay well. Write Box G. P.

POSTERS
WHOLESALE TO DEALERS
FREE CATALOG. Distributor inquiries invited. San Francisco Poster Co., PO Box 36038 Hollywood, Calif.

Females--bread needed by all. Photographer act as your agent. Will take or develop negatives for sale to magazines. All B&W films-Anscochrome & Ektachrome color slides. Send B&W roll for appraisal. Bob Eman, PO Box 231, Arlington Heights, Ill. 60006

I find myself unsatisfied by success in society's world. I'd like to meet people who sincerely believe in the love scene. I've got an apt. which I'd like to share with an intelligent, attractive girl. I'm very good looking, early 20's. Call Rich, 275-1247

Artist, 24, wants girl (at least 18) to share bed, board, give aid and comfort of physical, spiritual, not necessarily intellectual nature. Write Box KHM, The SEED

SEEKS GROOVY CHICK (or one that would like to be) I'm 24, male, intelligent, handsome (all that good stuff), looking for good looking girl for turn-on, and just talking with. Single or married, but interesting. No phonies please. Drop me a note and we'll have lunch and dig each other. PO Box 50056, Cicero, Ill., 60650

Man, 45, Good health and appearance, seeking female who likes complete love. Any age, gd. health and appearance a must. Mr. Zafran, Apt. 707 941 West Carmen, Chicago

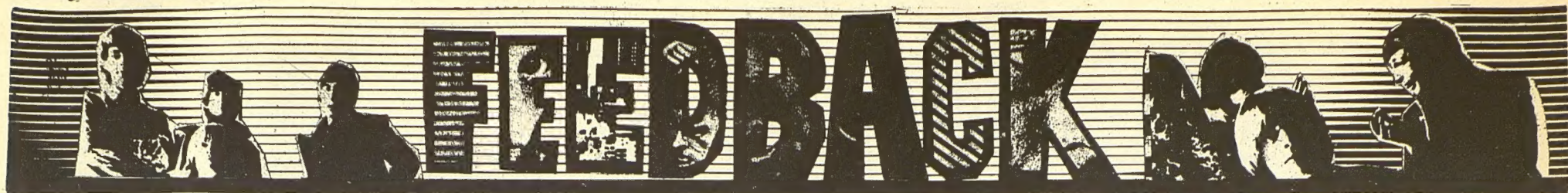
and a special cheer for our vice president hubert h. harrumph!

DENNIS RICE
loxmyth
MO 4-8435
talk to the machine

ARDVARK
MON. FEB. 12 - SUN. FEB. 25
AT 7:45, 10:30
'THE SAN FRANCISCO MIME TROUP'
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'OH DEM WATERMELONS'
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VOLUNTEER HELP OF ALL KINDS NEEDED
WATCH THE SEED FOR FURTHER DETAILS



TANGENTS MAGAZINE
3473 1/2 Cahuenga Blvd.
Hollywood, California

Dear SEED,

We would welcome any information from your readers on life as a homosexual in Chicago area. We have a speakers bureau which discusses homosexuality before any civic group or college class requesting it and we want to know current situation in the only state in the union in which laws apply equally to the heterosexual and homosexual. We will give a pamphlet on ourselves to anyone requesting it. We have a service for homosexuals needing legal, psychological or religious aid.

Sincerely,
William E. Glover
Tangents
3473 1/2 Cahuenga Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

Dear Seed:

With the very kind permission of the editors of THE SEED I would, in this second issue of 1968, like to comment not on a theater review but to address myself exclusively to my own race. Therefore, if you will permit me a small degree of immodesty, I'll make the following statement: I am probably the best known Negro writer in the Chicago underground. Not because of any particular skill in the arts or journalism but mainly because of the fact that this paper and the underground press syndicate has been kind enough to think that what I've written, from time to time, has been worth putting into print. For this I am extremely grateful.

So what has this to do with our bag? I'll tell you, baby. Of late, I've heard and seen several things done by my brothers which has disturbed me greatly. Stupid smashing of windows, beatings of white brothers and tribe members and, in some cases, generally insane and absurd actions in the name of black power. Now, I don't, even for one moment, think that all of you are doing these things. I give you credit for knowing that just because a guy's skin is white he is not necessarily an enemy. No, it's only a handful. Merely those of us who have not yet learned that white men, per se, are not all carrying a whip and secretly thinking of us as black, dumb niggers who only want to lay a white girl. Those of us who, so far, have not managed to tell the difference between the flower child, who is our friend, and he who may not be. I repeat, the flower child is our friend, dad. Undoubtedly the best friend the Negroes have ever had. He and the Jew really know what our lot has been and he understands us even when we do stupid things like breaking things and harming those who would only help us if we would let him.

Do not let your allegiance to Rap Brown and others go to such ridiculous extremes that it would rob you of the kind of judgment which will make you a discerning human being, a man. That man whom you want to be. A person who can stand on his own two feet and make his own value judgments, be they right or wrong -- but all yours. I, for one, am further grateful that in none of the papers in which my work has appeared has the word Negro appeared after my name. I've received no special favors, and I've asked for none. In fact, only now am I publicly admitting my race, which is as it should be if I choose to want it. I have been strictly judged on my worth, and so shall you be, baby.

This will be the last article I shall ever

write about the race problem; integration is here now. You can stop swinging, and start producing.

Ernest Thompson

Dear Seed:

I have said that the soul is not more than the body,
And I have said that the body is not more than the soul,
And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is,
And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his own funeral drest in his shroud,
And I or you pocketless of a dime may purchase the pick of the earth,
And to glance with an eye or show a bean in its pod compounds the learning of all times,
And there is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become a hero,
And there is no object so soft but it makes a hub for the wheel'd universe,
And I say to any man or woman, Let your soul stand cool and composed before a million universes,
And I say to mankind, Be not curious about God,
(No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and about death.)
I hear and behold God in every subject, yet understand God not in the least,
Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself.
Why should I wish to see God better than this day?
I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four, and each moment then,
In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass,
I find letters from God dropt in the street and everyone is sign'd by God's name,
And I leave them where they are, for I know that that wheresoe'er I go,
Others will punctually come for ever and ever.

Walt Whitman

OPEN LETTER TO THE CREATORS AND CRAFTSMEN OF OUR COMMUNITIES

People,

Each creator is, unto himself, an Island of complexities. Each of us, in our creation, our moments of creative production, make ourselves separate and apart from even our own fellow creators. It is this individuality that makes our work desirable to the outside people, the straight heads. There are many of us who are anxious to sell our wares but would rather not suffer the hassle of doing the actual sales work or going through the effort of organizing the over all exposure of our goods.

Through the Job Co-op and Seed, a sales organization is being formed to aid and abet us in a common unit.

A sales "freak" (also a creator) is able, through mass media exposure, to reach a vast market place. His experience in this field is good.

We would like to bring you and him together to discuss the merchandising of your goods.

His name is Dick Glass. He gets his bread by helping you to get your bread.

He will be at the Job Co-op Seed office 2:00-5:00. Please call for the exact date.

Luv

Dear Sir or Madame:

Our committee is sending nearly one thousand copies of this letter to "little magazines", "underground newspapers", peace groups, and draft resisters' committees in the United States. Our single purpose for doing so is to communicate to young Americans that there is a real alternative to the draft. We oppose the war in Vietnam and we oppose the draft.

We are limited in funds and we cannot finance the type of programmes to publish necessary information in the United States that we would like to see. We appeal to YOU to do this for us.

Our Toronto and Hamilton programmes are ambitious. Our main purpose is to supply legal aid and information and psychological support to draft age Americans who have made the decision to immigrate to Canada. We can house and feed immigrants. We can help them find jobs and in some cases we can help finance their expenses.

Our office in Toronto as well as the committee in Hamilton will gladly send necessary information. The publication "Escape from Freedom" is now available and a revised copy of this will be completed in a matter of weeks. This publication is usually sufficient to inform immigrants of legal questions and answers. We will also answer all personal letters seeking further information and we continue to make every attempt to aid immigrants coming to Canada.

Write for information to:

1. THE SOUTHERN ONTARIO COMMITTEE WAR IMMIGRANTS
c/o Jim Cairns
1 Mountain Avenue
Hamilton, Ontario
Canada
2. THE TORONTO ANTI-DRAFT PROGRAMME
2279 Yonge Street North, #1
Toronto, Ontario
Canada

We appreciate your help and would enjoy hearing from you. THANK YOU.

Respectfully,
J. F. Cairns

There is not any prohibition in the Immigration Act or Regulations against the admission of persons who may be seeking to avoid induction into the armed services and, therefore, providing they meet immigration requirements, we have no basis in law for barring their entry.

Tom Kent,
Deputy Minister
of Immigration

Dear Seed:

The following is a letter of conscience which I wrote and mailed to my Local Board (L.B. #3, Great Neck, N.Y.) on 12/19/67. The letter is self-explanatory, and I ask you to reprint it on your "Letters to the Editor" page. You have permission to correct any errors you may find.

Dear Sir:

As someone who has consistently attempted to put consideration, respect, and love for humanity as a spiritual entity above respect to the established order of societies and the subsequent rules and regulations, I must inform you that I cannot in good conscience cooperate any further with a governmental function which attempts to destroy and disregard those principles which I hold sacred.

The American government, illegally, and
continued on p. 19

FEEDBACK continued from p. 18

without the consent of the people, and contrary to its sworn international commitments, is engaged in a brutal and unnecessarily vicious suppression of a people's revolution in a country with which the American people have no moral or legal concern. Thousands of innocent Americans and Asians are now dying needlessly due to American imperialism, paranoia, and the American president's historical conceit. The United States Armed Forces are, furthermore, engaged in warfare practices that were condemned at the War Crimes Trials at Nuremberg after World War II. The American government is, by its stupid, irrational foreign policy based on fear of monsters and compulsion to self-dedication, threatening the life and safety of every living thing on this planet. Furthermore, the American government, by its United States foreign policy by withdrawing cooperation with the Selective Service System. I am symbolizing this by returning to you my draft card and classification card and by refusing to carry or possess these cards in the future. Furthermore, I pledge support for, and solidarity with, all those who are involved in protest to the current foreign policy of the United States government and resistance, passive or active, to its system of military conscription. I also pledge resistance, in any form necessary, to the aforementioned evils.

mad expenditures of billions of dollars for political witch-hunting overseas, is ignoring the desperate plight of millions of its constituents on its own shores.

The selective service system conscripts men for a morally unjustifiable war in complete disregard for their constitutional rights. You ask a man to fight, to suffer, and to die for a country which refuses to allow him to vote for the people who are responsible for his death. You also expect that man to ignore the fact that the system which he is being asked to defend is oppressing millions of his countrymen and still millions more elsewhere for the benefit of a few that are power-mad, a few that are glory-mad, and a few million that are greedy, and complacent in their greed.

For these reasons, and many more which I will proclaim as publicly as I can, and as often as I can, I am withdrawing all support of the

Let me inform you, the Justice Department, and all others who may read this letter, that I will not be coerced, frightened, or intimidated by the government or its military system, and if you choose to prosecute me, or any others who may decide to take these steps you will meet with the most dedicated and resolute resistance in this country since the Civil War

With all Possible Love,
Richard van Abbe
7717 N. Hermitage Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60626

SOCIAL

CHICAGO

...continued

Chicago Area Draft Resisters and the Berland family request the pleasure of your Company at the Induction Refusal of Kevin Joel Berland; to be celebrated at 6 o'clock ante meridian; the 19th of February in the year of Our Lord 1968; to be celebrated before 615 W Van Buren St., in CHICAGO, ILL.

COSTUMES
OPTIONAL,
R.S.V.P.



THE SOUND
HEARD'ROUND
THE WORLD.



Last year it was San Francisco. Today it's Boston. Where the new thing is making everything else seem like yesterday. Where a new kind of anger is turning-on the songs and sounds of tomorrow. Where a new definition of love is helping to write the words and music for 1968. And the best of The Boston Sound is The Beacon Street Union. On MGM Records.

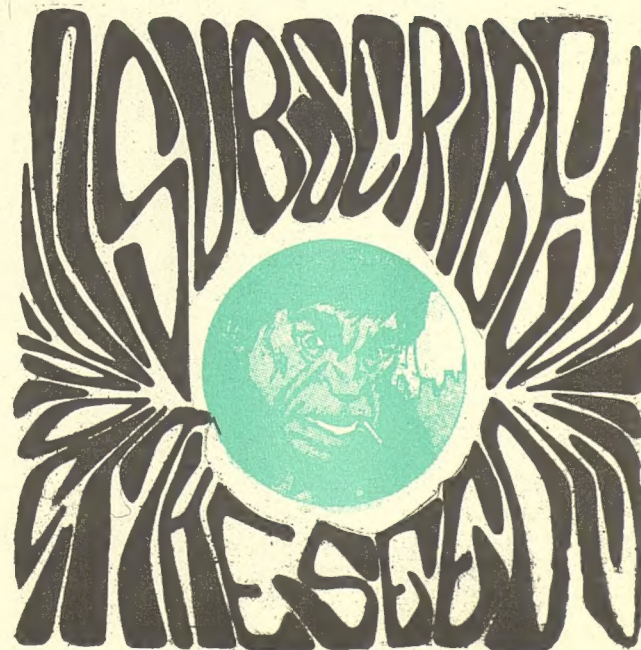
In person February 23, 24 at The Cellar.

E/SE-4517

THE EYES OF THE BEACON STREET UNION



THE MAN
AT EASE
LOVES YOU



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